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W Bronscombe 1903

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

'Tempting the Young.'

'There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would 't be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout, or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night, "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue; but I can't get them to Christ." We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down to his prayers and said: "O, God! take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ;" and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.'—Dr. Talmage.

He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be:

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So whether in a green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

And when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, 'Lo, it is I.'

Above the tempest wild, I hear Him say,
'Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day.
In every path of thine, I lead the way.'

So whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no broken helpless reed,
But His own hand sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Selected.

'Then I am Saved.'

During the first visit of Henry Moorhouse to America he was the guest of a cultivated and wealthy gentleman, who was greatly blessed by the simple testimony it was his privilege to hear.

This gentleman had a daughter just advancing into womanhood, and looking forward with bright anticipation to a gay and worldly life. One day she entered the library, and found the evangelist poring over his Bible. Begging pardon for the intrusion, she was about to retire, when he looked up and said in his quiet and tender way, 'Are you saved?'

She could only reply, 'No, Mr. Moorhouse, I am not.' Then came another question, 'Would you like to be saved?' She thought for a moment of all that is meant by salvation, and of all that is meant by the lack of salvation, and she frankly answered, 'Yes, I wish I were a sincere Christian.'

Then came the third question, asked very solemnly and earnestly, 'Would you like to be saved now?' Under this searching thrust her head drooped, and she began to look into her heart. On one hand her youth, her brilliant prospects, her father's wealth and position in society, made the world peculiarly attractive; and on the other hand stood the Lord Jesus Christ, who must then and there be received or rejected. No wonder the struggle in her breast was severe, but as the realities of eternity swept before her vision, she raised her eyes, and calmly, resolutely said, 'Yes, I want to be saved now.'

The supreme moment in her history was reached, and the evangelist was led by the Holy Spirit to guide her wisely.

He asked her to kneel beside him at the sofa, and to read aloud the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. This she did in tones that became tremulous and broken by sobs. 'Read it again,' said Henry 'and wherever you find "we," "our," and "us," put in "I," "my," and "me." Read it as if you were pouring out your own heart before God.' The weeping girl again read. 'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and I hid as it were my face from him; he was despised, and I esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows: yet I did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.' Here she broke down completely, as the thought of her per-

sonal relations to the Lord Jesus in his sufferings for the first time flashed into her mind. But, wiping away her blinding tears, she read on, 'He was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities: the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed. I, like a sheep, have gone astray; I have turned to my own way; and the Lord hath laid on him all of my iniquities.'

She was silent for a moment, and then exclaimed with deep emotion, 'Oh, Mr. Moorhouse, is this true?' 'Dear child,' he answered, 'does not God say it?' Again she was silent for a time, but, at length looking up, no longer through the tears of bitter grief, but in joy, and adoring gratitude, and inexpressible love, she said. 'Then I am saved, for all of mine iniquities have been laid on him, and no stroke remains for me.' She arose from her knees with the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, guarding her heart and mind, and pledged to keep her until presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Many years have passed since that eventful day, and she is now a happy wife and mother, living not for the world, which she once thought so beautiful, but for Christ, whom she has found in daily and intimate fellowship, to be infinitely more beautiful and satisfying. Her conversion was instantaneous, and the assurance of her acceptance in the Beloved was strong and unwavering from the first; but this has not led to a life of self-indulgence and presumption, for the cry of her heart has ever been, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' (Gal. vi., 14.)

There are many who believe that the Bible is true, that they are sinners, and that Christ is the only Saviour, and yet who fail to receive comfort, because they do not put in 'I,' 'my,' and 'me,' while reading the sacred scriptures.—'Christian Budget.'

The Sabbath.

The Working Man's Own Day.

No greater calamity can befall the working man of any country than the abridgment of the Sabbath, to say nothing of its abandonment, which would be indeed a horror of great darkness to any community.

The eminent Frenchman, Montalambert, declared that England owed her commanding place among the nations to her practical respect for the Sabbath, and as much as some people dislike her, they are forced to admit that her influence in the world's affairs is dominating. Open an ordinary map of Europe and compare her size with many other countries, and it awakens wonder how it is possible that this mere speck on the sea can be so potent in the world's affairs as it is. Is not Montalambert right?

There is a great gulf between England and France in their methods of Sabbath observance, and has been from time immemorial.

In Paris, manual labor in many places goes on, as on other days, and the shops are open for trade as on week days. Similar things are evident in Vienna, the capital of Austria. We have seen building operations under way as usual and women acting as hod carriers, carrying stone, brick, and mortar up ladders to the second and third stories. To an American these things are shocking, and the two facts—lack of reverence for the Sabbath, and of sympathy for womanhood—seem to be twin shortcomings in humanity.

Within the last year and a half, a movement has sprung up among the working people of Paris, and to some extent in Germany, for the inauguration of a Sabbath day of rest—or, at least, a cessation from common labor on that day. It is thought that this demand is the result of the observations of the working men, who have been making periodical visits to England on the invitation of certain working men's clubs, whose guests they have been. The working men of England have also visited France in bands, and it is claimed that the visits have brought about a more sympathetic feeling between the two peoples than has existed for centuries.

The labor unions of Paris have been quite active in the demand for legislation that will substantially give them an English Sabbath. So also, the shopkeepers' assistance has been quite notable in the demand. But Sunday shopping has been so common among the inhabitants that it is difficult to bring about a change. Legislation has been obtained looking toward the desired end, but it has caused such a disturbance that it will probably be changed and certain concessions granted to the shopkeepers who are complaining of a loss of patronage. The law, as lately passed, provides for a weekly rest day on Sunday except in certain specified circumstances. The shopkeepers claim that the forced closing causes them a serious loss, because many of the working people and lower middle class formerly made Sunday their principal shopping day. The shopkeepers agree to give a series of days per week, dividing their assistants into bands, and thus allowing them to keep open on Sundays. The working people object to this arrangement, and rightly, and insist that the rest day be the same for all, as it is only by this method that families can be united and the home feeling be maintained.

As a matter of fact, the community would easily conform to the law if given time. It really seems that the world is beginning to value the Sabbath day. To the working man and his family it is God's best gift. It has been said that the working man that conserves his strength by the rest of the Sabbath, which the Lord of the Sabbath garners for him, that it comes back to him in a hale old age.

The savings bank of human life is the weekly Sabbath day rest.—'Western Architect and Builder.'

How Can we Keep Them?

I once heard a minister say that many of the lost sheep of our households were to be found in the slums of the city, or, in other words, that many of those who were in the slums of the city to-day once belonged to a Christian church or a Sunday School, or else were members of a Christian household, and I heard this statement vigorously denied. I determined myself to investigate, and I went through the slums of Philadelphia. The vilest woman I have ever seen told me with an oath that she was once a member of my own Sunday School years ago when she was but a child. One of the most degraded men I have ever looked upon told me that he lived within a block of the church of which I was then pastor, and that he had been an inmate of a Christian household. I say it with considerable shame that I did not see a lost man or a fallen woman that night of whom I did not find, that at some time or another they had been in touch with the church, the Sunday School, the young people's society or a Christian home, and yet they had been allowed to drift away until now their cases seemed to be hopeless and they were of all persons most miserable. If the Christian Church simply had her own to-day, almost every individual church in the land would have to tear down its building and build a larger one.—Selected.

Religious Notes.

SIX HOPEFUL SIGNS IN SYRIA.—1. The rapidly growing readiness of the people to support their own pastors and teachers.

2. The zeal of the Syrian pastors for souls.

3. The liberal offerings for work in Syria, of Syrian Christians who have emigrated to North and South America.

4. The fact that the Arabic Bible is the best selling book in Syria.

5. The demand for American schools and the readiness of the people to pay for education.

6. In October, 1906, a boys' boarding school was opened at Hums. This was made possible by the generous offer of financial assistance which came from a successful merchant and elder in the Syrian Church. Some $5,000 has thus far been contributed by the Syrians for this school.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Under this title Dr. S. M. Zwemer contributes to the 'Christian Intelligencer' information of quite unusual importance. It seems that unknown to the Christian world conferences of Mohammedans have been held to discuss the decay of Islam. The first of these conferences was held in 1899, at Mecca. A little book recently published, and already carried to its second edition, contains the minutes of this meeting. Twenty-three leading Moslems from every nation under heaven met for this conference, and for two solid weeks discussed the reasons for the decline of their religion and the means by which the tendency could be checked and new life imparted to the faith. The doctors disagreed as to the remedy, but they unitedly declared that there were no less than fifty-eight reasons for the dangerous condition of the patient. Some of the reasons given were: the doctrine of fatalism; ascetic practises; the opposition to science; the rejection of religious liberty; Ottoman rule; neglected education and inactivity due to the hopelessness of the case.

Word has just come that a second conference, similar to that at Mecca, was held in the Grand Continental Hotel at Cairo last November. All the learned sheiks, pashas, and beys were present, together with editors, judges, lawyers, and other notables, Christian as well as Moslem. A distinguished Moslem from Russia seems to have been the leading speaker. His theme was, 'The Causes of the Decay of Islam.' In the course of his address he called upon Moslems to arise from their lethargy, open schools, and teach all the children (how untrue to Islam!) that they may be able to meet the demands of the new age, and urged the holding of a Pan-Islamic Congress to consider the cause of the loss of Moslem influence and power in the world. A committee was appointed with power to call such a congress.

The representatives of six societies have recently formed the Christian Educational Union of West China. It includes Episcopalians, Friends, Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists. All of these denominations hold their own peculiar doctrines, and are loyal to their heritage of truth, but they are banded together for the cause of Christian education.

The scheme includes two parts which are under the care, for the present, of a committee elected by the various missions participating in the Union. This committee has already put into working order the first part of the scheme, which aims at the affiliation of all the primary and secondary schools of the different missions.

The second part of the scheme calls for the founding of a union university at Chentu, the provincial capital. The plan is for each mission participating to build a college and set apart one or more missionaries to teach in it. In this way a joint faculty of eight or ten foreign teachers can be secured. These will be helped by Chinese instructors.

Acknowledgments.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1908.

Jesus the Good Shepherd.

John x., 1-11. Memory verse, 9. Read John x., 1-18.

Golden Text.

The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John x., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 30.—John x., 1-18.
Tuesday, March 31.—John x., 19-42
Wednesday, April 1.—Ps. 23.
Thursday, April 2.—Isa. xl., 1-11.
Friday, April 3.—II. Pet. v., 1-11.
Saturday, April 4.—John xxi., 15-25.
Saturday, April 5.—Jer. xxiii., 1-8.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Start the children talking about some such little hymn as that beginning 'Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,' or 'I am Jesus' little lamb,' with which they are all familiar and find out what they think this figure of speech means, why Jesus is called a 'shepherd' and children his 'lambs.'

We do not have so very many sheep in our country, but in the land where Jesus lived they were seen all over the hills, for a great many of the men of Palestine were shepherds. Do you remember how on the night when Christ was born the shepherds who lived around Bethlehem were the first people to be told about it? You know the angels told them when they were busy looking after their sheep. Jesus must have often watched the shepherds and seen how careful they were to keep their sheep from danger, taking them where they would find the nicest grass to eat and the easiest way to go, and sometimes when they would have to go over hard rocky ground to get to good pastures beyond, the shepherd would stop and pick up one of the little tired lambs who found the way so hard, and carry it until it was rested and strong again. And Jesus thought 'That is just the way I would like to care for my people and the dear little children.' So he says that if any one will come to him he will care for them and keep them from the dangers that are about us, give us the things we really need and when we grow tired, he will comfort and help us. Has Jesus proved that he really does love us like this? (Talk for a while on the golden text and Christ's death to free us from the power of sin.) Has Jesus really the power to save and help us that he claims to have? Yes, for he is God's own son and God himself works through Christ our Saviour.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This lesson follows immediately on last Sunday's subject of the blind man healed and the comparison between the true shepherd and the thief or the hireling follows naturally the contrast between the treatment of the one-time blind man by the Pharisees, who claimed to be the true leaders of the people and by Christ who received him and whose voice the poor man heard and answered. The difference in motive is expressed in that the Pharisees and such leaders are compared to the thief who comes to steal or the hireling whose object is what he 'can make out of the job,' and Christ whose motive is always to give,—to give life (verse 10), to give present care (verse 9), to give himself (verse 15). Christ elsewhere has called himself 'the way, the truth, and the life,' that is, the road, the guide along this road, and the ultimate end in view. Here he describes himself as both the door and the shepherd in much the same way. The Christian who lives 'in Christ' will not find this difficult to understand, for Christ means so much to him. He is the door into a life of which we have but a glimpse as yet, he is that life itself, for 'to be with Christ' is the longing desire of his heart, yet more wonderfully even is it true that Christ is the ever present friend and guide along the way for 'So, I am with you alway.' The representation of the coming Messiah as a shepherd was familiar from earliest prophecy (Gen. xlix., 24) and reached a higher expression in some of the beautiful passages of the later prophets. Both Jeremiah and Ezekiel frequently spoke of the religious leaders of Israel as false shepherds who exploited the people for their own profit, so that the figure and comparison here used by Christ would not be unfamiliar. The fact of the atonement being based on the desires of both Father and Son is emphatically given in verse 18.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

1-18. The beautiful pastoral symbolism of our Lord's discourse runs through the first eighteen verses of this 10th chapter of John. It has been pointed out, however, that in these words we have not one parable but three, all of them drawn from Eastern pastoral life, each related to the others as part of a composite whole, yet each presenting a distinct contribution of thought.

These three parables are drawn from the circumstances attending three different hours of the pastoral day. The first parable is that of the Shepherd, and comprises the first six verses. The scene is laid in the early morning. During the night the sheep have been sheltered in a large open enclosure, in which, under the care of a single porter, numbers of flocks belonging to different owners have shared a common protection.

The second parable, which is that of the Door, runs from the seventh to the tenth verse, and carries forward our thought from daybreak to midday, and from the large night-fold to a structure set in the middle of the pasture. This fold meant to afford shade and security amid the day's heat and danger. The sheep may go in and out at will, according as they want food or rest. It was of this structure, with its wide swinging door, that Christ was thinking when He called Himself the Door. That door was at once a protection and a means of freedom.

The third parable shifts the scene still further forward and brings us to the close of the day. The shadows are creeping up the mountain slopes. The chills of sundown are in the air. The flocks must be led back to the night-fold. But on the way a sudden danger emerges. Wolves spring out of ambush and attack the sheep. It is a critical moment, and tests the quality of the shepherd. The hireling runs away. The good shepherd casts himself between the sheep and the wolves, and sacrifices himself to save the flock.—Charles A. Berry.

5. A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him. The shepherd depends upon the sheep to follow, and they in turn expect him never to leave them. They run after him if he appears to be escaping from them, and are terrified when he is out of sight, or when any stranger appears in his stead. He calls them from time to time to let them know that he is at hand. The sheep listen and continue grazing, but if any one else tries to produce the same peculiar cries and guttural sounds, they look around with a startled air, and begin to scatter.—'Mackie's Bible. Manners and Customs.'

I am the door, says Christ. It means that He is the great Opportunity of the human race. Now in what sense is He an opportunity to men? What do they gain by accepting the offer of Himself? What do they lose by rejecting or neglecting it? The question might be answered in many ways, but here we cannot do better than follow His own words. 'By Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.'—J. M. E. Ross.

Verse 10. God's will to us as revealed in and through Christ is not a series of negative commands forbidding many things and emptying life of any positive content. Instead, God's will is a call to the fullest personal achievement. He bids men to realize the possibilities that He has implanted within them; they are to be the best and to do the most that lies within their power. The ideal life is one of high character, noble service, and great achievement.—'Biblical World.'

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The Eastern shepherd knows his sheep as perfectly as they know him. 'One day a missionary asked a Lebanon shepherd if he counted his sheep every night. On answering that he did not, he was asked how he knew if they were all there or not. His reply was, "Master, if you were to put a cloth over my eyes, and bring me any sheep and only let me put my hands on its face, I could tell in a moment if it was mine or not."—Mackie. 'Often Christ's sheep do not know themselves but the shepherd knows them.'—St. Augustine.

'Here is the beauty and glory of Christ, that he goes before, and never behind his flock. He goes before us in the bearing of temptations. He taught us forgiveness, by forgiving himself his enemies. He went before us in the loss of all things. He bore the cross himself that he commanded us to bear after him. Requiring us to hate even life for the Gospel's sake, he went before us in dying for the Gospel. And then he went before us in the bursting of the grave, becoming the first fruits of them that slept.'—Horace Bushnell.

'A poor, faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberias and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedouin robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending.'—Thomson.

'The planets are not all alike. They have different habits, different lengths of year, different lengths of day and kinds of day, and varieties of atmosphere and of season and of life. But they form together a harmonious unit because they are held to a common sun. So the way in which we are to have one flock, is in the possession of one Shepherd.'—W. E. Barton, D.D.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

I. Sam. xvii., 34-37; Psalm xxiii.; Isa. xl., 11; John xxi., 15-17; Matt. xxiii., 13; Jer. xxiii., 1; Eph. ii., 18; I. Cor. viii., 3.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 5.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. IV. The men whom God accepts. Ps. xxiv. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday March 30.—The Bible our lamp. Ps. cxix., 105.

Tuesday, March 31.—The Bible will endure. Isa. xl., 8.

Wednesday, April 1.—Why the Bible was written. II. Tim. iii., 16, 17.

Thursday, April 2.—Loving the Bible. Ps. cxix., 97-103.

Friday, April 3.—Delighting in the Bible. Ps. i., 2.

Saturday, April 4.—The Bible hid in the heart. Ps. cxix., 11.

Sunday, April 5.—Topic—Christ's talk about the Bible. John v., 39-47. (Consecration meeting.)

Knowing the Author.

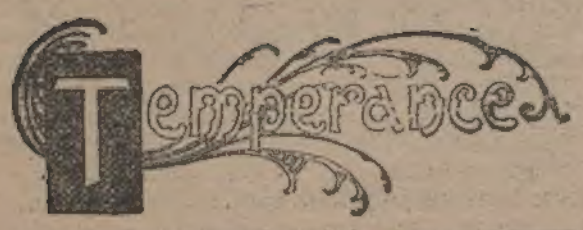
'I do not agree with you about the meaning of that poem,' said one friend to another, with her finger upon a page of Browning.

'But you must agree with me,' said he, 'because I knew Browning personally, and therefore am able to interpret him to you.'

Only a little later this boastful friend of the poet began to chaff the lady upon what he called her superstitious belief in the Bible, calling it a pack of fables.

'Ah! now,' said she gently, 'you must give way to me about this book. Remember, I know the Author!'

And herein lies a startling truth: only those who know the voice of God in their souls can recognize it in his word.—'C. E. World.'



The Dirge of the Lost Vote.

(By Rev. George C. Wood.)

Drink, drink, drink,
O drunkard, and go on the spree,
For the people's voice makes a 'wet-town' choice—
Drink on now, who cares for thee!

Drink, drink, drink,
Ye moderate drinkers, drink,
Ye can take a glass and leave it now.
Ah, will ye, in years, d'ye think!

Drink, drink, drink,
They say 'twill make the land rich—
Our boys will be bummers and bask in the bars—
'Tis hon'rable, so we be rich!

Drink, drink, drink,
E'en the church now says, drink on,
For the church could block the bars if it would,
But the bar blinds the church, and has won!

Drink, drink, drink,
So the man in the bar may sell,
The traffic must needs have the gain and the gold,
Tho' it means the enlargement of hell!

Drink, drink, drink,
Our rulers say, drink on,
So long as ye fill our coffers with chink,
Drink on, and have your fun!

Drink, drink, drink,
Steam up in the old gin-mill,
What odds of the curse in heaven or earth,
And God's hand stretched out still!

Woe, woe, woe,
For the town is built with blood,
But what do we care! the revenue's fair,
We care naught for man nor God!

—'Christian Guardian.'

Working or Idling.

We have all heard the story of the boy who, when asked if his father was a Christian, replied, 'Yes, but he is not working at it just now.' There are happily very many teetotalers, and their number is being added to every week. While foolish people speak of failure of the Temperance cause, that cause is really making giant strides, and the liquor traffickers are sorely put to it to devise a means of staying its advance. In the Church, in the Army, in the Navy, in the medical world, and in scientific circles, there is notable progress. Now and again a solitary pleader urges that drink is not so bad; that, if carefully taken, it may not do very much evil: that there are other evils beside drinking that should be suppressed, and the like. But the tide does not refuse to flow because here and there a Mr. or Mrs. Partington rushes forth with a broom to sweep it back! The steady work carried on by the League, for example, has told in many directions. The witness borne by its agents and other representatives in pulpit and on platform has served to lead many to think and to take their stand where the light and the wisdom and the worth are. When there was no flourish of trumpets heard, the good work was being persisted in, and the results are seen on every hand. It is not only that many have been rescued from the drunkenness that destroyed, but multitudes more have been preserved. And, in addition, information has been spread in every direction, with the result that the liquor traffic is not only suspect, but is denounced on all hands, and a widespread and earnest desire for its suppression has been created.

But we desiderate yet better things. And the slowness in getting there is due to the fact that many teetotalers are idling instead of working at their business of Temperance. No doubt one is apt to grow weary. There are, too, especially at times, many things to discourage. And then there are always competitors for our time and energy and gifts. But, against all that we must keep in view, the vastness of our cause, and the tremendous issues involved in it. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of men who labor and sacrifice to counterwork some mere result of the drink system, while they do not lift their little fingers to aid that system itself. There is need of vision. But what is to be said of those whose vision is clear, who see that drink is the chief source of our social diseases and the great hindrance to the extension of Christ's Kingdom on the earth, and yet do nothing, or next to nothing, to bring it to an end? One might denounce, but little good would come of that. We would rather invite those growing weary or indifferent to reconsider that the old interest may burn anew. Every abstainer should let his abstinence be known. Each of us has many opportunities of saying a good word for the good cause. Even the most humble can encourage the most prominent in the work by a kindly word of cheer. The time for rest can only be when the work is done. Until then it is for us to sow beside all waters, and to pray on, and hope on, for the better time before us.

'Work though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.'

—'Temperance Leader.'

Sir James a Witness to This.

It is the property of alcohol to act primarily upon the highest nerve centres. In poisonous doses it paralyses the nervous system from above downwards, and we are able to follow step by step its descent from level to level, until the driving centres of organic life are reached and death ensues.

It (alcohol) is a treacherous familiar that strengthens its hold on its victim, sedulously aggravating the exhaustion that it, in the first instance, alleviates, and setting up a state of pathological unrest that it is alone adequate to soothe. It is upon fine and susceptible natures that its hurtful influence is most strongly exerted, and thus it is that brain-workers often succumb to it.—(Form an address delivered at the opening of the Winter Session of the Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, 1906, by Sir J. Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S.)

Chignik Island.

(By William A. Davis.)

A little north of the fifty-sixth parallel of north latitude and fifty-eighth meridian of west longitude is Chignik Island, Alaska. It is small and rocky, of but a few acres in extent, and stands out in plain view of all who pass up or down Shelikof Strait along what is known as the 'inside passage.'

The natives for hundreds of miles regard this island as the abode of a malignant spirit who defies the charms and incantations of the most powerful Shaman (medicine-man) ever born.

A good many years ago a company of Aleut fishermen while fishing in the neighborhood of this island became thirsty; and, hauling their bidarkas (skin-boats) safely upon the beach, they soon found a stream of bright, sparkling water bubbling up from a cleft in the rocks and forming a pretty little pool of perhaps a rod in diameter.

Here the whole company knelt and drank copiously. Alas! that was their last drink. Not one of them lived to get away. Their bones are still to be seen scattered about the pool. There they will remain until they decay or white men give them a sepulchre.

In after years a chemical analysis of the water of the pool was made, and it was found to contain large quantities of arsenic in solution, sufficient to cause death shortly after partaking of it.

I suspect now, since you have read this brief account, you will do as I, and doubtless many, many others, have done—look upon Chignik Island with horror. Yet in every community there are places where men resort to drink of a poison as deadly as those arsenical springs; and, though dead men's bones are whitening all about them and suffering indescribable is prevalent everywhere, they continue to imbibe this terrible liquid, even sacrificing everything that is near and dear to them to procure it, and finally sending their own souls to perdition.

The skeletons of twenty-eight natives are as nothing compared with the havoc, widespread and awful, caused by alcoholic drinks; yet the story may bring existing conditions to our mind more forcibly.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

The Fence or the Ambulance*

To many this is a familiar poem, but we repeat it as being one of the best recitations for any temperance meeting.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant,
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke and full many a peasant:
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not at all tally:
Some, 'Put a stout fence round the edge of the cliff'—
Some, 'An ambulance down in the valley.'

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
And it spread through the neighboring city.
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slipped over the dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highway and alley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence
But an ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, 'It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause
When they'd far better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief,' he cried,
'Come neighbors and friends, let us rally:
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley.'

'Oh, he's a fanatic!' the others rejoined.
'Dispense with the ambulance? Never!
He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could.
No! No! We'll support them for ever!
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
While the ambulance works in the valley?'

But a sensible few who are practical too,
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer:
They believe that prevention is better than cure,
And their party will soon be the stronger.
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice, and pen,
And (while other philanthropists dally)
They will scorn all pretence and put up a stout fence
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,
For the voice of true wisdom is calling—
'To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
To prevent other people from falling.
Better close up the source of temptation and crime
Than deliver from dungeon or galley:
Better put a stout fence round the top of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the valley.'

*Issued by the New England 'Watch and Ward Society,' Boston.

Correspondence

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am writing a letter from M., as I have not seen any letters from this section. I have a collie that can pull me on a sleigh. I go one and a-half miles to school, but I get a ride with the milkman every morning.

RAYMOND McCOMB (age 11 years.)

B. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter from a little boy who said he would like to live at Burk's Falls, where there were large forests and bears, wolves and lynx. If this little boy saw Burk's Falls he would have a hard time finding the animals and forests. Burk's Falls is a village of about twelve hundred population. It is situated on the Magnetawan River, on which a line of boats are run. It is on this river where we hold our Sunday School picnics. This vilage has electric lights, waterworks, a large public school, two saw-mills, factory and a tannery. There are a number of nice residences here, the best being the home of the M.P. for Parry Sound District. I live about one mile and a half from Burk's Falls and walk to the public school. I have a pair of hockey skates and go to the skating rink on Saturday afternoons.

ANNIE W.

O., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and now I can't hear nor talk well. When I was a wee little tot I learned my A, B, C and little prayer. When we came out West I took sick. I have three brothers and two sisters; one went to heaven. I have a dog named Punch and three kittens; one is Nigger, one is Spot, and the other one is Kitty. They play all around the house. My papa shot a Rocky Mountain sheep and stuffed it and put it on the wall. We live one mile from town and we walk to school in town. My teacher is very good. I like her very much. We have three teachers and four rooms in our school. Two rooms are upstairs and two downstairs. We are having very cold weather, with snow

BLANCHE HENDERSON.

C. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' ever since it was published. My grandfather was the first person to take the 'Witness' in Chalk River. I only have one grand-parent alive. She is ninety years old and can see to read a paper without glasses yet. I live on a farm about one mile from the village. I was nine years old on Christmas Day and am in the third reader. Our two school teachers resigned at Christmas. I was very sorry to see my teacher go, as she had been here for four years. Chalk River is a nice little place. It is a divisional point on the C. P. R. There are three churches. Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and English. The Lutheran was burnt about a year ago. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath School. My brother has a span of little grey horses. Their names are Wattie and George. We have three cats and two dogs. Our biggest dog is a collie named Bounce. He guards the house when we are away at church. Our other dog is a Spaniel named Jack, and he is a queer lad too.

AN INTERESTED READER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Mattie's Cross Day.' Lyla McD. S. (age 13), Clarendon, Ont.
2. 'A House.' Josie M. H., Upper Musqut., N.S.
3. 'Fruit.' Myrtle Martin (age 12), M., P. Que.
4. 'Flag.' Jean McEwen (age 10),. F., Ont.
5. 'Warship.' H. H. Reid (age 9), P. H., N.S.
6. 'A Duck.' Blanche Shook (age 10), S. B., Ont.
7. 'He is Hungry.' Myrtle Rutherford (age 11), B., Ont.
8. 'Our Cat.' Vera Clarke (age 7), Toronto.
9. 'Box.' Evelyn B. Keirstead (age 9), K. C., N.B.
10. 'Teddy Bear.' Lucia Hart (age 8), Winnipeg.
11. 'Deer.' Essie Hadley (age 13), H., Ont.
12. 'Bird.' D. Dewar (age 11), G., Ont.
13. 'A Flower.' Geraldine A. Caravan (age 15), L. B., Nfld.
14. 'Lillies.' Arnold Grant (age 10), M., Ont.
15. 'Pansy.' Blanche Henderson, O., Alta.
16. 'Cup and Saucer.' Russell D. McLeod (age 8), P., P.E.I.
17. 'Glasses.' Leonard Cameron, B., N.B.
18. 'Watch.' Willie Campbell (age 7), Toronto.
19. 'House.' George Johnston (age 7), V., Ont.
20. 'Lillies.' Myrtle G. Sider (age 8), S., Ont.
21. 'Canadian Lady.' John R. (age 13), S., Ont.
22. 'Poor Pussie.' Ruth Hart (age 6), Winnipeg.
23. 'Two Trees.' Avey Clarke (age 9), Toronto.
24. 'Teddy Bear.' Lillian H. Dexted (age 8), L., Mass.
25. 'Our Pump.' Gerald Roy Munro (age 9), A., Ont.
26. 'The Little Maid.' Jennette MacKinnon (age 10), M., P. Que.
27. 'Sailing Vessel.' Harry Keans (age 11), P. W., N.S.
28. 'Wood.' Lottie Belle Sewell (age 8), P., Ont.
29. 'A Bird.' Byron Hahn (age 14), H., Ont.
30. 'Cow.' Minnie Hadley (age 8), H., Ont.
31. 'A House.' Fletcher McEachern (age 15), R. P., P.E.I.
32. 'The Little Bugler.' Edna Wilson, P. H., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Anna Hahn, H., Ont., wants to know how to write to our circle. Just write about anything you think is interesting, Anna, and write on only one side of your paper.

Edith M. Hamilton, L. S., N.S., has six sisters and twin brothers. We hope you will get that prize for attendance, Edith.

Annie Dettman, K., Ont., says, 'Our Sunday School class has started up a band called Daughters of the King, and I am president.'

Annie Young, A. M., Ont., asks 'Why is a coachman like the clouds?' Dorothy, Annie's sister, asks 'What day in the year is a command to go ahead?'

Pearl Creighton, W., P. Que., is starting to learn book-keeping and enjoys it very much. You did not send any answer to your riddle, Pearl.

A. Pitt, S., Ont., says 'We have a library in our school and I have read twenty-six books since a year ago in April.' We wonder where the study squeezes itself in.

Laurell McD. Sergeant, C. S., Ont., says, 'Our teacher went away at Christmas and we were sorry, for we all liked her very much.' Your riddle has been asked before, Laurell.

Florence McKenzie, F., Ont., writes, 'I live on a farm and there is a lot of work to do, as my brother is only six years old yet. I have to do some work at the barn.' Outdoor work is just as good for little girls, Florence, as for boys, and you will be all the healthier for it.

Harold G. Turner, H., N.B., has 'no brothers or sisters and no pets,' but he does have 'lots of fun snowballing and building forts.' Tell us about the great tidal wave you mention, when you write next, Harold.

Mildred Wright, H., Ont., asks several riddles that have been given before and answers Beryl Field's (March 6)—On the other side. Perhaps you will get that sleigh ride yet, Mildred.

Johnny Rowland, W., Ont., writes, 'We have a horse named Victoria, a nice looking horse and a fast one too. I like going driving on the rubber tires in the summer.'

M. G. H., Hymers, Ont., says, 'Our house is beside a river and we have lots of fun on it.'

We also received short letters from Bessie and Ellie Nunn, W.N.; Pricilla Harris, F., N.B., very neatly printed; Ina Oswald, C., Ont.; Willie Henderson, B., Ont.; Eva Henry, W., Ont.; Lottie McLean, S., N.B.; Lottie Belle Sewell, P. Que.; Lola Dunbar, K., Ont.; Lillie J. Weir, L. C., Dist. Algoma; Edna Sweat, C. H., N.B., and Leta Mercer, M., Ont. Riddles and answers to riddles given in these letters have been printed before.

THE WEST TO THE FORE

Among our 'Pictorial' boys, the West is certainly to the fore; perhaps not in the actual aggregate of 'Pictorials' sold, for there are not so many people to sell to as in the eastern provinces, but in proportion the West is ahead. Why is it? Have the Western boys more 'hustle' than those 'down east'? Or is it because Westerners in general are sharper to recognize a good thing when they see it? We won't presume to say why, but we only say to the rest of the boys 'look to your laurels.'

The following letter from T. B. Patterson, L——, Sask., is a sample of letters coming in from places in the West where one might think sales would be slow and scattered, but they are not. The letter reads:

'I have the 'Pictorials' all sold. They certainly went like hot cakes, as you say. I want eighteen more at once, so I will get my camera. I want you to send me twelve 'Pictorials' every month, and they will keep me in things for the camera.'

Just think how jolly it would be for YOU to have a camera all your own, and then to be able to provide your own supplies so that father wouldn't need to shake his head and say, gravely: 'My son, this is a very expensive fad!' If you earned everything yourself right along it would be only a pleasure instead of a worry, and in ways too numerous to mention, it would be a profit to you by-and-by.

Now, if you've never started before, why not try half a dozen to start on? You need not pay for them till sold. We trust you. Then, when you've made good with us for that lot we will send you a larger supply. The April Number will soon be out—a lovely Easter cover, more pages than March issue—altogether a delightful ten cents worth to offer anyone.

There are a lot of other premiums to win, if you're not inclined to photography, and there are bonuses and prizes as well as premiums, of all of which we will give you full particulars on application. As a brand new competition starts with the April issue, NOW is the time to fall in line.

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Neighbors.

A gentleman soliciting for foreign missions asked a farmer for a gift. 'I don't believe in foreign missions,' said the farmer. 'I won't give anything except to home missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbor.'

'Whom do you regard as your neighbor?' asked the gentleman.

'Why, those around me.'

'Those whose land adjoins yours?'

'Yes.'

'How much land do you own?'

'About five hundred acres.'

'How far down do you own?'

'I suppose it goes half way through the earth.'

'Exactly,' said the gentleman. 'Well! I want this money for the neighbor whose land joins yours at the bottom.'

'Not to those you need, but to those who need you the most.' Surely those at the bottom need us the most.—'Christian Age.'

Nevers for Boys.

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine and whisky will do you no good, and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never tell or listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without being fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.—Selected.

Better Pay.

Several years ago two partners in a moderately large business agreed to separate. The one who remained was reluctant to have his partner withdraw, as the business represented their joint effort for a period of years, and their relations had been altogether pleasant. But the withdrawing partner believed himself to be in danger of breaking down in health, and thought it better for him to stop while he was still reasonably strong and the business prosperous. He and his wife moved to a little farm which he bought among the hills, and there they lived modestly and happily, and raised fruit and poultry.

The neighborhood into which they went was a decadent one. People had removed to the towns. Those who remained lacked thrift and enterprise. There was a dearth of youth and energy. Down the long and winding road stood house after house vacant or inhabited by old people, where once there had been young life and laughter. Streams that formerly whirled merrily over the wheels of little factories ran unfettered to the sea, for the factories had moved to town, and the people with them.

The district school had only twelve children, and the Sunday School was feeble and dying. The little church had gone down, and had only infrequent services, with an itinerant minister at long intervals preaching to a meager and disheartening congregation.

Such was the community into which this man of education and resource had gone. Modest as were his means, he was well-to-do compared with most of his neighbors, and he soon rose to a position of leadership. He superintended the Sunday School, and gave a new impetus to the services and social life of the little church. He led in a movement to repair the schoolhouse and improve the school. He took up these duties without any special theory of his mission to the community, and merely because they seemed to him to be things that some one ought to do.

One day a boy fell from the seat of a mowing-machine, and was fatally cut. From his home among the hills a horse, panting and flecked with foam, and a rider, breathless and white-faced, carried a message to the retired business man—the message that the dying boy wanted the Sunday School superintendent. It was a new experience for the man, and one that he dreaded. What could he say to a dying boy? What could he do in such an emergency?

God gave him the message which he needed, and the boy died holding his hand. From that hour the Sunday School teacher was more than a mere layman. He conducted the burial service. No one else ever thought of sending for a minister, nor did he. To that service he had been called, and he performed it. Unordained by hands of men, unknown in official records of the church, he continued to perform the duties of lay preacher, and his life was fruitful and happy.

After a period of years he and his wife returned to the city for a visit to the home of his old partner. The business had grown. His friend lived in a new house, and was prosperous and content.

'I have been figuring,' said he, 'how much you lost by pulling out of the business when you did. Deducting what I paid you for your half from one-half of the net earnings of the business since then, I figure that you made me a present of eighty-five thousand dollars. The business is still good, and growing. I should like to have you back with me again. You are strong and well—much stronger than I am now. Come back, and let us renew the old first name.'

Then the man from the hills told the simple story of the work he was doing, and how the hand of the dying boy had drawn him into it, and how he could never withdraw.

'I thank you for the offer, old friend,' he said. 'If I could get away I should like to do it, and I'm sure we should make the business go and grow. But really, I can't afford it. This work is paying me better.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Queer Japanese Birds and Plants.

The Oriental idea of art and beauty is sometimes very different from that which American boys and girls are accustomed to, and birds and plants that come from the Mikado's island empire are frequently so odd that we wonder at the people who produced them. For they are the result of training and culture rather than the natural products of field and forest.

The long-tailed Japanese chickens, for instance, are the result of a thousand years of careful breeding. A few years ago a number of these queer fowls were exhibited in this country, and they took many prizes at the poultry show; but to see the long-tailed chickens in all their glory, one must go to Japan. There we find the birds with gorgeous tails from twelve to twenty feet in length. The birds are no longer than our ordinary barnyard chickens, but the tails are so long that it is almost impossible for the chickens to stand on the ground. They are kept in lofts with high perches, so that the birds can walk with comparative ease. It is almost impossible for them to walk on the ground, so tremendous is the train they have to carry behind them.

The length of the tail of these fancy breeds of chickens is a mark of culture and caste, as the long finger nails of the Chinamen indicate that they are gentleman who do not resort to manual labor for a living. The Japanese have studied the art of raising long-tailed chickens on the island of Shikoku, for centuries past. The fowls were originally jungle birds, and by systematic culture of them the tails have increased to their present extreme length. Great honors and rewards were conferred upon the owners of the handsomest long-tailed chickens five hundred years ago, and the ancient Daimyo, the ruler of the Province of Tosa, used the longest tail feathers for decorations. In time, a heraldry system sprang up, with the handsome feathers of the fowls as the symbols.

The birds, when young, are selected from the best flocks, and kept in cages by themselves, the perch being raised each year as the tail feathers increase in length. The plumage is very gorgeous in color, shimmering in bronze, crimson and gold. In order to protect them from defilement, the owners wrap them up carefully in rice paper, and expose them to the public gaze only on exhibition days. The feathers are washed and cleaned carefully, and when tied up in the rice paper, they seldom have an accident happen to them. The effect of the rich tails on the birds is apparent. Like the peacock, they become inordinately vain and proud. They strut around in their cage, and try to spread their feathers to increase their beauty. But they have no such control over them as the peacocks do with their gorgeous plumes. Naturally, the birds are denied many of the ordinary pleasures of the common chickens, who can run around and scratch in the dirt all day. Their tails are really impediments which make their lives somewhat monotonous.

In Korea, also, the breeding of long-tailed fowls has been carried on systematically for something like a thousand years, and in the early centuries the royal family offered titles and money rewards to those who bred the handsomest long-tailed birds. There are some records in Korea indicating that this industry was in existence as early as the year one thousand.

The Japanese are also great flower growers; their gardens are considered the most remarkable in the world. Everybody who can afford a few square feet of soil in front or back of the home, has a garden. They are gardens in miniature as a rule, and as beautifully laid out as if they occupied acres. Every detail is attended to. There we find dwarf trees and plants growing, and the most perfect specimens of flowers.

The art of dwarfing trees and plants without injuring any of the branches and products has been developed to a marvellous degree by these people. Their dwarf maples and oaks have been exhibited in this country in the past few years. They show wonderful results of what careful study and culture will do. The miniature oaks and maples, scarcely two feet high, exhibit perfect developments of mature trees. Some of them are half a century old, with gnarled branches, bark rings to indicate their age, and leaves as perfect in minute detail as any found on the largest trees. At first glance, these dwarf trees appear artificial plants, carefully made of wax, and painted to resemble the originals. But they are genuine trees growing in pots. One can in this way, have for the table centerpiece a full-grown oak or golden maple. As the seasons come and go, the tiny trees shed their leaves, remain bare for a few months, and then push out new delicate green leaves, which mature and turn to autumn hues, until their little cycle is once more run.

The trees that produce brightly hued leaves in the autumn are classed among the flowering plants by the Japanese. They raise them in pots in their miniature gardens, along with the geraniums and roses. They select their dwarf trees for their beautiful foliage or rich blossoms. Their cherry and plum trees are the marvels of oriental gardens. They produce clouds of pink, white, and red blossoms. The fruit is of secondary importance, although the Japanese plums are the largest and finest in the world. The fruits of these trees, instead of being eaten when they are purple and black, are pulled off when green and tinged with a little red. When they turn purple they are dead and not fit to eat, according to the Japs.

Of course, everyone knows that the home of the chrysanthemum is in Japan, and that the richest and finest varieties originally came from the Mikado's land. There are over eight hundred varieties there, and they have been cultivated for centuries. Chrysanthemums run riot in the gardens and adorn the landscape on all sides. The children understand the art of producing fine flowering plants before they have learned their first school lessons. They are brought up to associate with flowers all the wisdom and literature of their country. This constant association with flowers and plants cultivates in the children a love for the beautiful in nature.

The peonies and tulips rank next to the chrysanthemums. They have been cultivated to produce enormous flowers, while the true lotus flower clogs every pond and lake until

the waters are often a mass of delicate colors. Land is scarce and precious in Japan, but every square foot of it is utilized for flower or tree cultivation. Sometimes, the fragrance in the spring of the year is too sickening to be pleasant, while the eyes are dazzled by the gaudy display of colors that are met on every side.—The 'Sabbath School Visitor.'

A Plantation Hymn.

You better be givin' of yo' all ter de po'.—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!
De folks won't know you w'en you knock at de do,'—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!

Better be a-workin'
Whilst de day is de day;
De sun gwine down,
An' you'll never fin' de way!

You better stan' an' lissen w'en you hear de gospill cry—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!
You won't have wings ter flyin' w'en de time is come ter fly—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!

Better be a-workin'
Whilst de day is de day;
De sun gwine down,
An' you'll never fin' de way!

—'Atlanta Constitution.'

Working His Way.

(By Elizabeth Pettee.)

'Father,' said Billy, looking up from the poultry journal in which he had been absorbed for the last hour; 'father, I want an incubator.'

'A what?' asked his sister Jane from the pantry where she was putting away the last of the supper dishes. Jane had an idea that she was a trifle deaf, and always liked to assure herself at the very beginning that she knew what the conversation was about. 'What did you say you wanted, Billy?'

This little habit of Jane's was quite irritating at times, and was especially so to Billy just now. 'I wasn't talking to you,' he growled.

Farmer Redmond looked at his son meditatively for a moment. 'Humph!' he said at last, as he went back to his paper. 'Don't be foolish, Billy.'

'Well, but father,' persisted Billy, 'other people make money with incubators, and why shouldn't I?'

'Some people kin make money out o' nothin',' drawled his father, 'but that's no reason that you kin.'

'The Hopkinses got an incubator last summer, didn't they?' asked Jane, who had now joined the group around the kitchen table.

'Yes,' put in the hired man from his place behind the stove. 'They split it up fer kindlin' wood the other day. It was no good,' he added with a chuckle.

'Course it wasn't any good,' said Billy indignantly. 'It was a cheap machine in the first place, and they got it secondhand. Jim Hopkins has got no more business with an incubator than a cat has with two tails anyway—wouldn't know any more what to do with it.'

'I suppose you think you would,' said his sister sarcastically. 'I suppose you think you learned everything at the high school.'

'What d'ye want to do with it, Billy?' interposed his mother.

'Do with it?' exploded Billy wrathfully getting up from his chair. 'Do with it? Go fishin', I s'pose.' He turned at the door. 'Anyway, I want an incubator, and what's more,' he added doggedly, 'I'm going to have one.'

He tramped upstairs to his room, his face set with sullen determination, sat down on the bed, and kicked off his shoes so vigorously that they struck the wall opposite with a thump. He dropped his chin in his hands, and tried to think how he could manage that incubator.

The youngest of four children, Billy always had had an easier time than the others. The lighter tasks had fallen to him, and his misdeeds had been more frequently overlooked. He already had had more than his share of schooling, and to ask for the college education he so longed for, he hardly thought would be fair. But there was nothing to prevent his earning it, and that he had fully made up his mind to do. Eight months had already passed since he had received his diploma from the high school, and with all his endeavors, he had succeeded in scraping together only ten dollars. He felt that another year, at most, was as long as he could afford to wait, and the money would have to come in a good deal faster than that. There seemed to be no way of earning money on a farm. He had cudgeled his brain in vain until he happened to see an incubator advertised in the weekly paper. He sent for a catalogue, and a sample copy of a good poultry journal, and soon made up his mind that there was money in it if he could only get the incubator. He had spoken to his father as a last resort, not expecting any help from him, but hoping that he might at least look favorably on the scheme.

'In bed, Billy?' called his mother from the hall.

'Uh—uh'—muttered Billy without raising his head.

Mrs. Redmond came in and sat down beside him. 'Tell me about it,' she said simply.

He was still her baby, this tall lad of eighteen, and occupied the warmest spot in her heart. Billy poured out his hopes and longings into her sympathetic ears, and ended with an elaborate tale of just how he would manage the incubator, and make the most of his chickens. He already had been to see the proprietor of the largest hotel in the nearest town, and had found that he could get fifty cents apiece for broilers from December until July, and besides that he could make a good deal from winter eggs.

'But, Billy,' said his mother, 'you know chickens don't lay to amount to anything in winter.'

'Mine would,' said Billy confidently, 'if I could start them right now. It all depends on how you feed them. The Journal tells all about it. But there's no use,' he added dismally; 'I can't raise enough to start inside of six months.'

'How much would it take?' asked Mrs. Redmond.

'Well, twenty-five dollars, with what I have, would get an incubator and a brooder (that's to raise the chickens in), and stock it with eggs, and get enough oil to hatch them. I'd have to have a little more before I could begin to take in any money, I wouldn't make much before fall anyway, for it would take all summer to raise a flock of hens for winter laying.'

'Well,' said his mother getting up to go, 'you order the things, and I'll see about the money.'

'Mother, you're a dear!' he exclaimed enthusiastically. 'You'll see,' he called after her, 'that it'll make money all right.'

Billy began to get ready for business the next morning. Back in the yard stood the little tumble-down cottage, in which his father and mother had set up house-keeping, thirty years before. It was used for a storehouse for all sorts of old rubbish; for these thrifty people never threw anything away, no matter how old or useless it might seem. Billy cleared out one of its two tiny rooms, and in a corner, away from all draught, prepared a place in which to set up his shrine. He intended to use the other room for a chicken-house, so he filled the chinks, and covered the walls with building paper. He set up an old, rusty stove, and even brought out some bedding, and made himself a couch on the floor. He was going to stay right by that incubator, and if it failed, it wouldn't be from lack of attention. 'But it isn't going to fail. I'll make it go or know why,' he said emphatically.

At last it came. Billy hauled it out from town himself, and set it up with many loving pats. He had studied the directions carefully, and was sure he knew just how to go at it. He had had a hard time getting eggs enough, for the weather had turned cold, and the hens had almost ceased to lay; but by visiting every farmhouse within ten miles, and paying good prices, he had managed to get ten dozen.

They all were in at last; the incubator was going; and there was nothing more to do until the fifth day, when he could test them. The happy boy sat in front of the machine by the hour, his chin in his hands, watching the thermometer to see that the temperature remained stationary. He got up two or three times in the night to inspect things. His greatest trial was that there was so little he could do to it. Those first four days dragged terribly.

The family paid little attention to him. His father seemed oblivious of the fact that any such foolishness was going on under his very nose. The hired man looked in on him occasionally, oftener, in fact, than Billy cared to have him. He would rather have been left severely alone, except for his mother. He liked to have her come out and sit with him. He could talk freely to her. She was on hand when testing time came, and sat patiently in the darkened room, while Billy examined the eggs with his tester, and took out all those showing no signs of life. He had ninety-two fertile eggs, he decided, which was more than he had expected at that time of year. His spirits went up and up. He would show the scoffers that he could hatch chickens in March.

As time went on, however, some of the eggs didn't look so well. A few germs died every day, and when hatching time drew near, the number had dwindled to seventy. If he got fifty chicks, he decided, he would be doing well.

On the evening of the nineteenth day he examined them carefully, and found two with tiny holes in the shells. He held one of them to his ear to see if he could hear the chicken tapping on the walls of his prison, and was so startled by the vigorous, 'Peep-peep' that the infant fowl let out that he almost dropped it.

'Well, I declare!' drawled his father's voice behind him, and Billy jumped again. He hastily put the egg back in the warm nest, and proceeded to fill the lamp, and see that everything was ready for the hatch.

'Queer performance, isn't it?' he remarked.

'Well, I guess!' said the farmer.

'What do you think about it now?' asked Billy triumphantly.

'Tell ye when they come out,' was the answer. 'Seein's believin'.'

'You'll see,' said Billy. 'I'm going to have two, anyway.'

'Goin' to set up all night an' watch fer 'em?

'Indeed I am,' responded Billy emphatically.

And he did. Hour after hour he sat there, watching the hole in the shell get bigger, but it was not until the wee, small hours of the morning, that the first chicken burst his chains, and with a vigorous flop, rolled over on the tray and raised his wobbly head to inspect his surroundings.

'Hello!' grinned Billy; 'you're all right, you are. My! Look at his feathers!' he exclaimed in astonishment.

He eagerly watched for the next one, but the rest were slow. Only two more had come out by the night of the twentieth day. Billy began to get anxious. The thermometer had been kicked over, and he had hesitated to open the door of the machine to set it up, for the directions said that the door must not be opened after the chicks began to come out. He finally decided that something was wrong, and that the thermometer must be inspected, and he founnd to his disgust that the temperature had dropped six degrees. That was the trouble, then. The chicks weren't warm enough. He hastily turned up the lamp, and did everything he could to help the hatch along, but it was too late to do much. Five more straggled out, but they were weak and exhausted with their long struggle, and didn't look very promising.

'Eight chickens out of a possible seventy,' mused Billy mournfully, 'and I thought I would have such a lot. Well!' manfully, squaring his shoulders, 'there's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll do better next time.'

The family mercifully refrained from making many remarks about Billy's chickens, for which he was duly thankful, although it might have been some satisfaction to have told them how it happened. His mother's sympathy was some comfort, however, and he tried to be satisfied with that. He decided not to go to the farmers for his next lot of eggs. He wanted to start a good stock, so he went away to a well-known poultry man, and got some Plymouth Rock eggs. He couldn't

pay for them, but having a good incubator, the man was willing to take a mortgage on it. He also gave Billy some pointers on how to run the machine, and Billy was satisfied that this time he would be successful.

And he was. Out of one hundred eggs he hatched seventy-five strong chicks. The three surviving members of his first brood were ousted from their warm house to make room for the newcomers; and Billy filled up his machine again. He had no difficulty in borrowing money now that he had proved that he could hatch the chickens.

As the warm weather came on, they thrived and grew fat, and in June he disposed of half of his first flock for broilers. He kept all the best pullets for winter eggs. During the summer he barely paid expenses. Feed for the chickens, and eggs for the incubator, took all the money he could raise, but in October he began to reap the harvest. The dollars poured in rapidly, and Billy had glowing visions of his college days, now so near at hand. All winter he worked faithfully, taking eggs and chickens to the city, and getting the highest prices. His mother was openly proud of his success, but if his father had any ideas on the subject, he carefully kept them to himself.

When summer came again, Billy had a nice little sum laid away, but it wasn't enough for the four years' course, and the more Billy thought about it, the more determined he was to have it all. He knew he could make enough during the second winter to carry him through, but it didn't seem as though he could wait another year.

He was thinking it all over one afternoon, as he sat on the top of the fence, watching the chickens as they scratched for their supper, and had almost decided that he would have to wait, when his father strolled by on his way to the house, chewing a straw, and looking most unconcerned.

He stopped and leaned his elbows on the fence. 'Nice flock o' chickens ye hev thar Billy.'

Billy assented.

'Ye done better'n I thought ye would,' which was a great concession for Farmer Redmond. 'How's yer bank account?'

'Pretty fair,' said Billy.

'Got enough?'

'Enough for what?' Billy purposely misunderstood.

'To take ye to college.'

'Enough to start on,' said Billy rather sullenly.

'But not enough to finish on, eh?' said the farmer. 'What ye goin' to dew about it?'

Billy felt like saying, 'Why should you care?' His father's attitude had been a sore point with him all the way through. He restrained himself, however, and said gruffly: 'Have to wait another year, or else work my way through. Lots of fellows do that. Black boots and sweep out the class-rooms, and look after furnaces. Lots of things a fellow can do if he has to,' he ended grimly.

His father eyed him shrewdly for a moment. 'Ye ain't goin' to dew no sich thing,' he finally drawled out.

Billy's heart sank at this, but rose at his father's next remark.

'An' ye ain't goin' to wait another year either. If I'd 'a' knowed ye wuz so sot on goin', I'd 'a' let ye go in the first place, but I thought it wuz jest a notion, and ye'd soon git over it. When I seen ye wuz bound to git thar anyway, I made up my mind to let ye work it out yer own way, but I wuzn't goin' to let ye be disappointed in the end. Ye git ready and go, and I'll see thet yer eggs and chickens gits to market this winter, an', if they don't raise enough to keep ye goin', why I guess I kin.'

Billy couldn't speak for a minute. There was a lump in his thoat the size of one of his precious eggs, it seemed to him. He held out his hand, and as his father grasped it warmly, he murmured huskily, 'You're fine, father, and here I've been thinking the meanest things about you, that you didn't want me to get on, and you wanted to make a drudge of me, and I hadn't any chance such as other boys have. You don't know half the foolish things I was saying to myself about you.'

'I knowed ye wuz, Billy; I knowed ye wuz,' he laughed softly; 'and I wuz thinkin' all the time how fooled ye wuz, an' how sorry ye'd be, but I jest had to let ye alone. I wanted to see what kind of stuff ye wuz made of, an' I'm satisfied. I'm more'n satisfied. Thar's yer mother wavin' to us,' starting toward the house. Better come into supper, Billy.'—'Forward.'

Two Girls.

(Pauline Frances Camp, in 'Girl's Companion.')

Geraldine lives on the avenue grand,
Biddy lives down on the flat.
One wears a sunbonnet all the year round,
The other, a gay Paris hat.
Yet Geraldine's laugh is a thing seldom heard,
While Biddy's rings out like a caroling bird.

Geraldine's roses bloom all the year round;
A tin can holds Biddy's one flower.
Geraldine has not a thing she must do;
Biddy works hard every hour.
Yet one cares no whit for the roses or buds;
The other finds joy in the blossoming suds.

Geraldine wears an embroidered Swiss frock,
Biddy, a calico gown;
Geraldine's face, like a lily, is fair;
Biddy's is freckled and brown.
One rides in her carriages, fretful, forlorn,
The other, on foot, is as blithe as the morn.

One, with all beauty and wealth at command,
Dissatisfied, saunters along.
The other with Poverty trips hand in hand,
In time to her own merry song.
Oh, what content might poor Geraldine win,
Could she borrow the eyes of rich Biddy O'Flynn!

'Forced to Belief in God.'

The late Lord William Thomson Kelvin was one of the greatest scientists of modern times. All the world deferred to his opinions upon any subject he thought proper to discuss. He was thorough, consistent, scientific, logical, original and reverent. He lived to be eighty-four years old, and for fifty-three years of his life he was professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow. It is said that the success of the Atlantic cable was largely due to his research into the transmission of electric currents, and for this work he was knighted in 1866. In 1892 he was created peer with the title of Lord Kelvin.

His electrometers, Watt Meters, and other inventions embody the perfection of mathematical and geometrical adjustment. He was repeatedly elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and was president of the British Association in 1871. For his efforts in behalf of science, Lord Kelvin has been decorated man times, having been a grand officer of the Legion of Honor of France, a member of the Prussian Order Pour Le Merite, and Commander of the Order of King Leopold of Belgium. He received honors also from the Japanese and other governments.

In 1844 Lord Kelvin visited America, delivering learned lectures in great university centres, and he came again with his wife in 1902, taking a deep interest in the subject of wireless telegraphy, declaring it to be an invention of great commercial importance to the world.

Lord Kelvin was not only a student of na-

ture, but he was also a believer in Christian truth. He believed in the Bible as God's inspired Word, and in Jesus Christ as God's divine Son. In a lecture on 'Science and Theism,' delivered as late as 1903, he said:

'Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond merely gravitational, chemical and physical forces; and that unknown thing is a vital principle. We have an unknown object put before us in science. In thinking of that object we are all agnostics. We only know God in his works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a directive power—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces.

'Scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig if he believed that the grass and flowers we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered: "No; no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces."

'Every action of free will is a miracle to physical and chemical science. Do not be afraid of being free thinkers! If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion.'—'M. C. Advocate.'

Whom the Lord Helps.

What we need more than anything else today is courage—courage to speak the truth, to stand alone, if need be, on the questions of the day, to do what God tells us is right to do, even if our friends and our neighbors say otherwise. And God is always with the brave man. God cannot admire a coward. Draw the sword, and the Lord is your helper.

When Each One Does Her Part.

'I shall be glad when school is over,' sighed Pauline. 'I don't mean to do a thing but rest. No, Aunt Caroline; you needn't look at me in that way. I'm not to be beguiled into your sewing class for orphans, nor to giving Bessie painting lessons. I'm just as sorry as you are that she's lame, and no doubt she has talent, but I'm going to be good to myself after slaving for ten months.'

'When will you find time to be good to others?' queried Aunt Caroline, fastening her thread and hiding the whimsical twinkling in her eyes by a sudden lowering of the head.

Pauline looked surprised, then knit her brows thoughtfully.

'Of course, you'll not have time when you are a senior,' continued her aunt. 'It'll be more than a year before I can expect any help from you,' she mused; 'then you'll be teaching, and—'

'You talk as if I were dreadfully selfish, Aunt Caroline,' interrupted Pauline, reproachfully, 'I am sure the other girls feel just as I do.'

'What about Mary Kohler?' asked her aunt. 'I thought you said the other day that she is carrying more studies than any of you, and yet we never ask a favor of her which she is not willing to grant. Not once this year has she failed to play the organ for the primary class nor missed a meeting of the flower committee. Don't you see that if each one did the little duties—her share in the greater work—things wouldn't pile up so, and fall upon the shoulders of a few—the few who are anxious to be good to others?'

Pauline looked up quickly from her geometry. 'Now, auntie, that was quite a sermon, and I'll admit I furnished the text. It does sound pretty narrow when you hear it from someone else. Mary Kohler is a living reproach to the rest of us; so is Stanley Burton, for that matter. Perhaps I'll think about those painting lessons for Bessie when I get rested a little,' and Pauline picked up her books and waved a smiling good-by to the sweet-faced woman sewing in the window.—'Home Weekly.'

Patience.

O wait, little heart, forever, if waiting forever must be!
And work, little hands, forever, if working forever must be!
The hope and the faith and the dreaming—some day in their glory behold,
The dreams shall shine out of the darkness like little ships laden with gold!

O burst not, nor speak not, nor quiver with aching through long years of pain!
The hopes that you nursed, little bosom, in sunshine and shadow and rain,
Over the hills of the morning and down in the vales where you rest,
Shall come after 'while with a glory of roses to bloom on the breast!

—Baltimore 'Sun.'

An April Fool Suprise Party.

Just think! She never had a party in her life!' said Alacia, as she was walking home from school with three other little girls.

'Who hasn't?' asked Beatrice, whose arm was clasped into one of Alacia's arms.

'It is Frances Mead, Alacia means,' answered Caroline, whose arm was clasped in Alacia's other arm.

'I suppose it is because parties cost money, and the Meads have never had so much money as the rest of our families.' It was Delia who said this—Delia who was walking alone in front of the others, but she didn't mind it at all if she was.

'I say, why can't we give her a party?' proposed Beatrice; 'a real out-and-out surprise party.'

'Oh, let's do it,' cried Caroline. 'I will furnish the candy. Everybody says I am great at making caramels, and from the way they eat them, I really believe they mean what they say.'

'And I will give the eggs for the cream,' said Delia. 'We keep hens, you know.'

'And I will give the ice,' said Caroline.

'And I the cake,' put in Alacia. 'But when shall we have the party?'

'Oh, just as soon as we can,' replied Beatrice. 'Still, I suppose we'd want a week, at least, to get ready for it. Then let's have it in one week from to-night.'

'But that is April Fool night,' said Delia.

'So much the better, then,' said Alacia. 'Our surprise party can be her April Fool.

Thus the plans were made during the rest of the walk home, and there were more plans to make on nearly every day of the following week; for all the girls in Frances' class were determined to make this the pleasantest gathering of the year, and that was saying a great deal; for they had had many very pleasant socials of late.

Frances was sitting in the low sitting-room of her humble cottage home, when she heard a loud ring at the old-fashioned glass-door bell.

'It is one of the boys that has left us an April Fool bundle,' she said 'and I'm not going to the door.'

'I wouldn't if I were you, dearie,' said Mrs. Mead, who was sitting by a little stand in the corner, knitting. 'The night is too chilly for you to keep running to the door.'

'And all for nothing,' put in Frances. 'I've been fooled three times with that bell, and I won't be fooled again.'

The bell sounded again, and yet again, and again. Still Frances paid no attention to it. Then the 'front door' opened, and through the little entry into the little room tripped the party, all laughing and shouting, 'April Fool!' 'April Fool!'

And Frances was 'fooled,' you may be sure.

But what about the party? Oh, that was just like all parties, only a little more merry, and there seemed to be no end to the good-natured tricks that were played, simply because it was All Fools' Day.—Alice May Douglas, in 'Young Churchman.'

X

Western Canada

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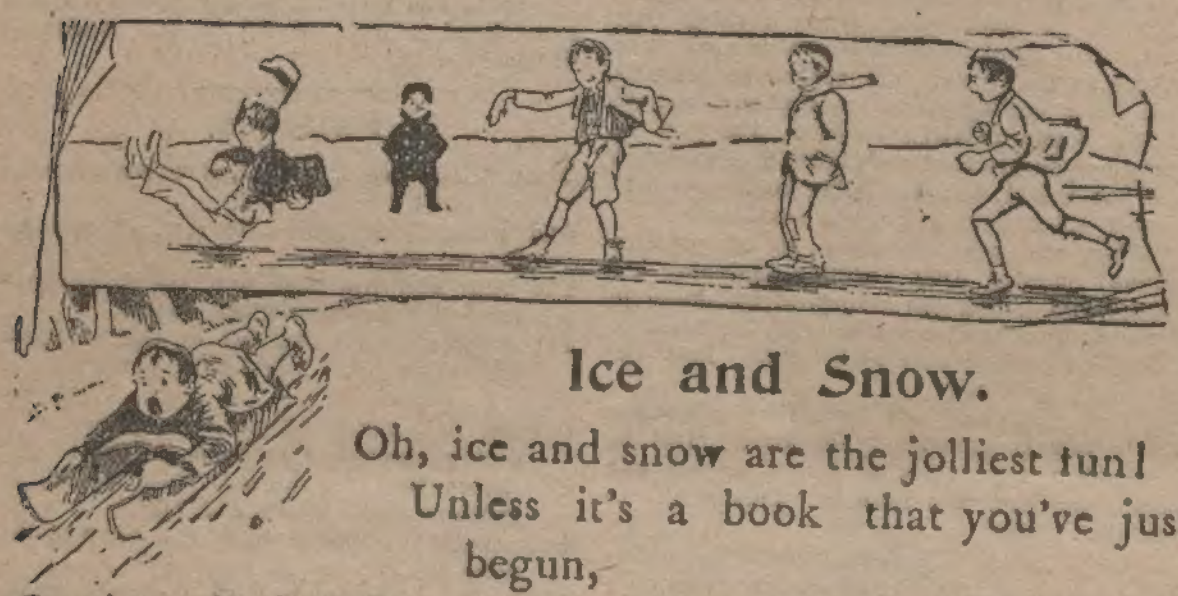

Ice and Snow.

Oh, ice and snow are the jolliest fun!
Unless it's a book that you've just begun,
Or those little mince pies that grandmother makes,
Or oyster fritters, or Shrewsbury cakes,
Or camping out, as we did last fall,
Or off on the yatch with Uncle Paul——
But, no, there is nothing quite so nice
As the fun you can get out of snow and ice.

—Emma C. Dowd.

Washing Baby in Africa.

A Missionary writes:—

'One morning I heard the baby crying as if his little heart would break, and I went to see what could be the matter with him, and found his mother washing him in front of her house. And do you think she had a nice little bath tub and scented soap and warm water? Oh, no! But she held the little baby up on his little feet, and was pouring cold water over him by the handfuls. The poor baby was screaming at the top of his lungs, and fighting against the cold water as hard as he could; but the mother paid no attention to that, and went on with the washing.

Did she have nice, warm flannel clothes to dry him with, and others with which to wrap him? No, but when the washing was over, she lifted the baby up and, with her mouth, blew vigorously into his eyes and ears to drive out the water, and that is all the drying he got. Then she proceeded to dress him. The dress consisted of a string of beads around his waist, one around his neck, and one around each of his wrists and ankles. The air and the sun did the rest of the drying.

This baby's name was Ntambu Ngangabuka.

Isn't that a pretty name?—'Daybreak.'

Little I-Don't-Like-You.

'I don't like you! I don't like you!' It was a little bit of a girl who sang out these naughty words and pouted her lips and frowned.,

'I don't like you neither, then,' said Joe, getting cross.

'And I don't like you, missy,' said Frank.

'Peoples who come visitin' ought to be polite,' said Mary Sue.

'I don't like you! I don't like you! I don't like you!' And the little bit of a girl frowned at each of her small cousins.

The little bit of a girl's name was Anna, and she had just begun to be cross. For a whole week she had been a dear child, so gentle that her Aunt Sophie called her Pussy.

'I don't like you.' She was frowning at Aunt Sophie, and Joe and Frank and Mary Sue felt very much ashamed, for Aunt Sophie was a visitor, too.

'I-Don't-Like-You?' questioned Aunt Sophie. 'Oh, is that your name? I thought it was Anna!'

Now, the naughty little girl fully had expected Aunt Sophie to say, 'Oh, you must like me Pussy!' She loved to be called Pussy. But when Aunt Sophie gave her another look, she cried out again, I don't like you!'

'If whenever I look at that little nephew he would cry out, 'Joe!' I would know for sure and certain that his name is Joe, which it is. If whenever I look at this little nephew he would scream, 'Frank!' then I would know his name is Frank; and so with Mary Sue. Therefore, sure and certain, we have here Little I-Don't-Like-You.'

'It isn't a Christian name, is it?' asked Joe.

'Cause Christians like people,' said Frank.

'She must be an old Chinaman,' declared Mary Sue.

'Little I-Don't-Like-You,' said Aunt Sophie, 'didn't I hear you calling your name to a man in the public road? Is it true that you have told it to the cook?'

'I'm afraid she screamed it to the ice-man,' said Joe.

'Then it is all around the place,' said Aunt Sophie. 'I am very sorry, for it is not a pretty name; not near as pretty as Pussy.'

'I-Don't-Like-You is an old Chinaman, so she is,' sobbed the little bit of a girl; 'I—I—I'm Pussy now.'

Aunt Sophie sat down on the porch steps, opened her arms, called 'Pussy,' and something soft and fluffy was in them.

'I wish that Joe and Frank and Mary Sue would tell the cook and the iceman and everybody that I do like peoples,' said the little bit of a girl, wiping her eyes.

'Cause you feel better when you like peoples, don't you?' asked Mary Sue.

Then Joe and Frank promised to tell the cook and the ice-man and every body what Pussy said, and after that there was never again a little I-Don't-Like-You around disturbing the peace.—Selected.

The Two Faces.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish,
If he cannot have his way,
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see,
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he.
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see, it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you,
And that you can't deny.
The plainest face has beauty,
If the owner's kind and true,
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

—'Waif.'

The Cross-town Car.

(By Sarah Chamberlin Weed, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'About the streets of Boston town
The cars go up, and the cars go down.
Some are yellow and others are red,
'And some are a chocolate-brown instead;
But the funniest one of all, by far,
Is the one that is marked the 'Cross-Town' car.

I expect that when boys and girls are good,
'And smile and look pleasant, as children should,
They may ride on the red car or ride on the brown,
To look at the sights of Boston town.
But whether the distance be near or far,
They never ride on the 'Cross-Town' car.

But whenever a boy or girl is bad,
'And sulks in a way that is shockingly sad,
The very best way for such to ride
Is to pack them together side by side,
'And sulky and surly and sour as they are,
To send them away on the 'Cross-Town' car.

The Happiest Little Boy.

'Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?' asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

'Oh, who, papa?'

'But you must guess.'

'Well,' said Jim, slowly, 'I guess he was a very rich little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes.'

'No,' said papa. 'He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?'

'I guess he was a pretty big boy,' said Joe, who was always wishing that he was not such a little boy; 'and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle.'

'No,' said papa. 'He wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I will have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his hat and carry it—one, two, three—oh, as many as six times!—to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest.'

'Did the sheep say, 'T'ant you! papa?' asked little Jim, gravely.

'I didn't hear it, 'answered papa. 'But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping.—'Christian Observer.'

Playing Mother.

'I must be the mother because I am the older,' said Isabelle. 'I heard mother tell Mrs. Rose last night.'

'No, I must be mother because I'm taller. You remember father said so when he measured us on the door,' said Sarah.

'You always want to be the best things,' said Isabelle. And so the

two little girls quarrelled until mother heard, and came to see what it all was about.

'You dear, foolish girls,' she said, 'don't you know you are twins, and being twins means you are just the same age? Isabelle is twenty minutes older, and twenty minutes is not as long as you have been quarrelling. And Sarah is taller than Isabelle by such a little bit that father had to put on his glasses and look ever so closely before he could find a difference. Besides, neither of you is ready to play being mother until you learn to give up, because that is one of the things mothers must do most of all.'

'Why, you always do as you please, mother. Nobody tells you to give up anything.'

'I am glad to give up if it is necessary,' mother answered. 'But notice and see if no one tells me what to do. I gave up a hot breakfast because baby's little voice called me. I gave up the sewing I had planned, to make out accounts for father. I gave up a visit I had planned, to do the sewing; and now I have left grandmother's letter unopened while I settle this quarrel with you. It is the only thing I have been told to do that I did not want to do, because there shouldn't have been a quarrel to call me.'

'I guess we are twin geese,' said Isabelle.

'I guess we are,' said Sarah.—Mary Ennis, in 'Child's Hour.'

When Father Was a Little Boy.

When father was a little boy,
You really couldn't find
In all the country round
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And he was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
'And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
'And chopping wood and milking cows,
Were father's chief delight.

He always rose at six o'clock,
And went to bed at eight,
'And never lay abed till noon,
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was ten years old,
'And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
'And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
But truly I could never see,
Said little Dick Malloy,
How he could never do these things
And really be a boy.

—Australian 'Christian World.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet, whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess
—Littell's Living Age.

The Sky Road.

Some time since a lover of children told a touching story of meeting three little urchins in a city suburb who, ragged, hatless, and shoeless, but quite unconscious of any deficiencies, were bubbling over with bits of knowledge picked up at the public schools, from which fragmentary lore their busy brains had wrought quaint deductions. They had been hearing scraps of Grecian mythology, and were full of the wonderful story of Pegasus, the winged horse, who, as the legend runs, first touched the earth on the Acropolis in Corinth, and finally flew back to heaven. The smallest of the trio explained that Pegasus couldn't travel on the dirt road because he was made for the sky road. Looking up at the lady, he said with a sly little nod: 'We are made for the sky road.' Dear little ragged fellow! One cannot help wondering if he realized the marvelous, far-reaching truth of his own words.

The sky road! Another little one caught a glimpse of the beautiful, upper realm of living where child souls, in their sweet innocence, ought to be especially at home. A group was happily playing on the broad door stone, under protecting shade trees.

'I'm the mother,' cried the largest little girl. 'There always has to be a mother, and I'm it.'

Black-eyed Ned sat next. 'I'm the father,' he asserted, sturdily. 'Nellie and Rob can be the children, but I'll be the father, and, of course, I'll see to things.'

A little blue-eyed tot of a girl saw a very good chance of being left out in this pretty family game.

'What am I?' she asked, a little pitifully.

'There has to be servants,' said the self-elected father and mother. 'That's all that's left that we can see.'

'Well,' remarked the wee girlie very sweetly, 'I'll be a real nice one, then. Somebody has to do something for the rest, and it's just as good as anything if you do it nice.'—Selected.

About Our Premiums.

We have a large variety of miscellaneous premiums, as well as the ever popular Bibles and other book premiums. Write us for particulars, also sample papers to show your friends.

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When Dad Keeps House.

(By E. T. B.)

When Mamma has to go away,
And Dad keeps house,
The little children romp all day,
No lessons interfere with play
And things begin to come their way,
When Dad keeps house.

We have the nicest things to eat,
When Dad keeps house;
He buys us cake and cookies sweet,
And every day a special treat;
And doesn't try to keep us neat
When he keeps house.

We needn't stop to put things right,
When Dad keeps house.
The nursery is a perfect sight,
Our Daddy doesn't care a mite—
But oh, how lonely 'tis at night,
When Dad keeps house!

—'Good Housekeeping.'

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take the neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—George Macdonald.

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This Week's Bargains.

The remarkable bargains in dresses and fancy goods made this week on the two last pages of this issue should not be overlooked by 'Messenger' readers.

These bargains are money-savers, and as they are made by people of the highest standing, our subscribers are sure of getting splendid value for their money. And certainly no one need hesitate to send money to the firms above indicated. Mentioning the 'Messenger' they will get the best consideration and a prompt dispatch of the desired articles.

Subscribers should always bear in mind that though wages and the cost of paper have increased greatly during the year the subscription to this paper not only remains at a very low price, but we are trying to give more reading matter than ever. It is only possible to continue to give such a large paper at so low a price if advertisers find it profitable to them to use its pages, and thus bear a share of the cost of producing so good a paper.

Country Board.

What do city people want when they go to board in the country?' asks a correspondent. First they want good beds in airy rooms. A good bed is not made of feathers in a bag, nor of straw in a tick. It implies a spring and a hair mattress of sufficient thickness to be comfortable. Plenty of water for bathing and an ample provision of towels renewed every day is another requisite. The towels should be of good size and quality. Hot water at their doors in the morning is a desideratum. Screens at their bedroom windows and at the doors and windows of the dining-room are essential to exclude the fierce mosquito and the intrusive fly. Lamps which do not smoke are very much appreciated. Absolute cleanliness of the house and surroundings are insisted upon by most city boarders when they go into the country, but they do not ask for rich furniture or sumptuous display of any kind; simplicity pleases them. The country table which is abundantly supplied with fresh eggs, milk and cream, excellent butter, and vegetables raised in the garden will be popular and recommended, even though the meats are not quite up to the standard of city markets. In the country one asks for few things, but wishes those good of their kind. Boarders usually amuse themselves by fishing, driving, playing games, or swinging in hammocks, but to be contented they must be looked after as to bed and board, with an eye to their rest and satisfaction.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

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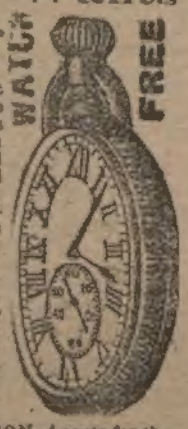

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Our Burden-bearer.

If we have in our family the burden of others' sins to bear, we need to work carefully, keep busy, eyes open, and ever looking to our real Burden-bearer, who is already by our side to help us. Then, besides sin, we must bear in the family the infirmities of others. John Wesley went to see two aged saints, sisters who lived together, and he said to them, 'Well, it must be heaven on earth for you to live here in this way, both loving God with all your hearts.' And one of the sisters said, 'Oh, it takes all the grace we can get to bear with one another's infirmities.' Take, now, two natures in a house, contrary natures, we call them; we cannot understand why they cannot see things as we see them, but they never will. A wife will think and say, 'Oh, my husband is perfect,' and yet there will almost always be some infirmity to bear with, and it is always harder to bear with the infirmity of one you love than it would be to bear the burden of the wickedness of the whole Chinese nation. 'How shall you bear?' The words, 'He loves them,' settles that. Never be moved from that fact. You know he says, 'All souls are Mine;' then stand with Christ and bear, and bear. You will need Christ with you, for sometimes the infirmities of others, even of our own children, are harder to bear than their sins.—Margaret Bottome, in 'Silver Cross.'

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Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Leave it With Him.

Leave it with Him—
The Lilies all do,
And they grow;
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew;
Yes, they grow.
They grow in the darkness,
All hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine,
Revealed by the light,
Still they grow.

The grasses are clothed
And the Ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you and feed you,
And give you His care,
Then leave it to Him,
He hath everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it to Him;
You're more to His heart,
You well know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.
What you need, if you
Ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him,
For you are His care,
You, you know.

—Selected.

Wanted—a Recipe to Cure Wilfulness.

In a cent letter from a parent the writer asks for a receipt to cure wilful children. We have no doubt that there are many others who often need and desire the same information. We therefore venture to suggest:

First. Perfect self-control on the part of the mother. If she is flustered and evidently annoyed by the wilful temper and impatient teasing of the child she cannot govern. The youngest child by a quick instinct perceives this, and takes advantage of it.

Second. They must understand that she has the 'right of way' in the family. It has been given her by God, for the safety and welfare of her little one. This she must hold. Her will is to be law, not the child's. It is hers to command, the child's to submit.

Third. The child should understand that this divine right, as we may call it, belongs to the mother, and the sooner the better for both. He must be taught it by precept as well as by practice. He should very early have God's law on this point explained to him, since it is the vital point of family government and domestic happiness. And this must be done, not in the moment of conflict, but in quiet hours of loving instruction, with the Bible in hand, and the knee of both mother and child bent in prayer.

Fourth. If a conflict occurs, the mother should maintain a gentle, kind demeanor, but be as firm as a rock. She should speak slowly and with as few words as possible. It is astonishing how very soon children learn the meaning of such a manner.

A little one early ascertains if his mother's 'Yes' means yes, and her 'No' ,no.—He knows if he can gain a point by teasing or coaxing; if he can disturb his mother's equanimity, and by his little wilful, 'I want it; I do want it; I do, I do,' excite and agitate her. If he can, he has gained a point, from which he will proceed to aim at another, namely, overcoming her by the positiveness and persistence of his own. He will compel her, if he can, to change her mind, to yield to him. It is bad for both mother and child when this is accomplished. Farewell to all good government after that.

It is considered a grand triumph when the parent has subdued the child's will. It sometimes involves a prolonged and painful struggle; but when the victory is secured the work with that child we may say is done. But, on the other hand, how disastrous to every family interest when the child is aware that he has conquered his mother. The tables are turned, and affectionate and pious and prayerful as the mother may be, she cannot, without great difficulty, regain her right position, or realize the reward of a faithful Christian parent. She is henceforth the child's slave, and the tyranny of a spoiled child is something terrible.

When a child asks for anything, the mother should take time to make up her mind,—if, on the whole, it is best to give consent. She may be very busy, but it will only require a moment's attention in ordinary cases to take in the situation and decide. When she has decided, let that be the end of it. There should be no argument or words about it. If the mother has the good sense to begin this course with the babe in her arms, she will find it easy and final. When the little one is old enough to talk, we venture to say there will be no 'I want it, I want it; I do, I do.' But when one assumes the charge of a child whose early training has been neglected in this respect, she may have difficulty at first, a little scene or two like that described, but it will not be repeated many times. The child can soon be broken into the new régime.

Is punishment required? We hardly think it will be found necessary. Pleasant looks, gentle words, and a firm purpose will usually be sufficient. Let a mother stop what she is doing, lay her hand gently on the child, look him right in the eye, and say what she needs to, and this often will suffice. But if the little one is obstinate, discipline may be required, but not harsh punishment. Severity in such a case, such as slapping, boxing the ears, shaking, or whipping, would exasperate rather than subdue. When a mother can keep her own temper, half the work of governing her children is accomplished.

Mothers need grace; and this God has promised to give. 'My grace is sufficient' is His word, not more to Paul, the apostle, with all work and trials, than to the mother in the most humble home. There is no work, we believe, which God has assigned His children, in which He takes a deeper interest than in the training and government of His little ones. His laws are explicit, and knowing the difficulties, He has opened all His resources of wisdom, strength, and grace to the mother, and says, 'Ask and receive.' Why not go to this ample repository of heaven and receive of the Divine fulness?—'Christian Globe.'

Selected Recipes.

CABBAGE WITH CHEESE.—After the cabbage is boiled press out all the water and chop it. Make a white sauce of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Spread a layer of cabbage on the bottom of a pudding dish, cover it with white sauce, then a layer of grated cheese, a second layer of cabbage with sauce and cheese and a top layer of crumbs moistened with butter. Place in the oven until the sauce bubbles through the crumbs and serve in the same dish.

However simple a meal may be, there should be no half-way work about food that is to be served hot. Fish, like soup, cannot be served too hot, and roast meat should sizzle as the knife makes the first incision. Nothing is appetising when lukewarm. Among meats lamb suffers most by being carelessly served. It is simply spoiled unless served crackling hot. If the kitchen range has no plate-warmer, put a thick paper on the back of the range, or on the bottom of the oven, if that is not in use, and set the dishes to be used on the paper, which will prevent their being cracked by the heat. Vegetable dishes and sauce tureens can be filled with hot water while the vegetables are being prepared. Above all things, serve gravies as hot as possible, taking them from the fire the very last thing.

A Creole receipt for stuffed turnips suggests new possibilities for a humble vegetable. Pare the turnips and cook until tender in salted water. Wash carefully two quarts of young turnip tops, and cook until tender in one quart of boiling water. A piece of browned bacon added to the greens is a great improvement. When the greens are done press out the water, chop fine, season with vinegar and pepper, and fill the turnips, which have been scooped out with a spoon. Cover with crumbs and butter and brown in the oven.

OATMEAL CRISPS.—Mix two cups of rolled oats, one cup of sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder, two beaten eggs, one large tablespoon of butter melted, and two teaspoons of vanilla in the order given. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased (not buttered) tins, and bake in a moderate oven till a delicate brown. Use the pancake turner to lift from the tins.

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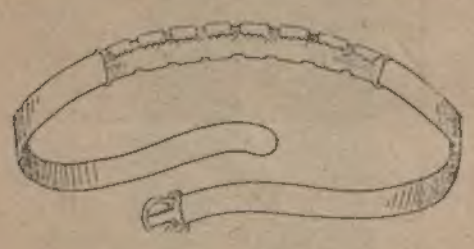

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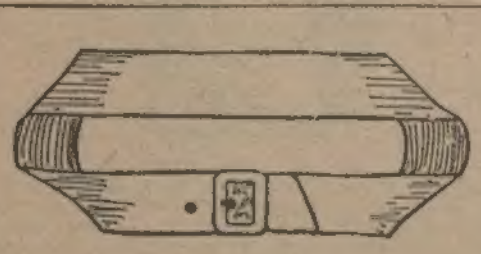

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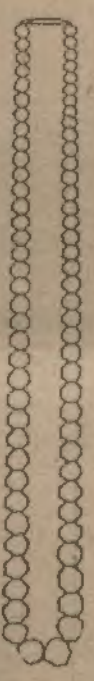

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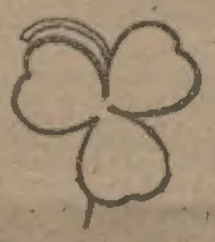

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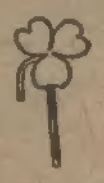

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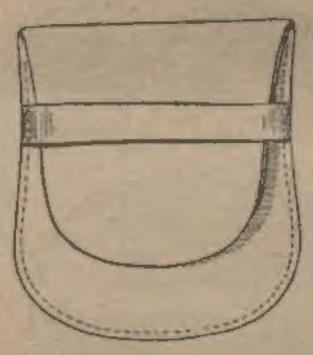

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M.O.D. SPECIAL .. .. .33

A great many ladies carry these as finger purses.

Fancy Comb, made of extra quality stock, in shell only, finely finished and handsomely mounted, with double row of steel points in the fashionable Greek pattern; the back is one inch high. These have just arrived from Paris. Special M.O.D. Price, each, in a neat box .. .. .93

Sterling Silver Maple Leaf Bar Pin.
SPECIAL .. .. .25

Smallwares.

Murphy's Special Dress Shield, double Nainsook covered, washable and perspiration proof . . . . . .2 pairs for .25

50 yard spool of Pure English Sewing Silk, all shades . . . . . 2 for .05

Sheet pins, best English make, 200 pins. .. .. .3 for .05

Laundry wax, for smoothing irons, best quality .. .. 3 for .05

14 inch real hair pads, all shades, each, ... .10

Pearl, Turquoise, Black, White, and assorted Lace Pins, on cards, or in books, containing from 1 dozen to 60 pins, best quality, ...2 for .05

Strong Mohair Boot Laces, 36 inches long, per dozen .. .. .05

Various odd lines of Fancy Buttons, all sizes, per dozen 05

Abel Morrall's Sewing Needles, all sizes, the best to be had, per pkg. 05

The new style Collar Form, high points at the side, finest quality, each, ... .10

Large, strong, Laundry Bags, with pretty lithographed design, each .. .. .29

Our Special Pad Hose Supporter, per pair, ... .25

C. M. C. sew on Hose Supporters, $1.00 value, just in, per pair .. .. .75